

GOV. ST. JOHN'S STORY.

The Noted Kansan Tells About "My Most Memorable Christmas."

IT WAS AWAY OUT IN CALIFORNIA

In the Golden Days—The Governor Paints a Moral as Well as Adorns a Tale.

Governor St. John sends the STATE JOURNAL the following Christmas story accompanied by a personal letter, in which he says that the story was contributed to a New York newspaper syndicate and will appear in New York this morning as well as in Topeka:

"The most memorable Christmas of my life" occurred at a point west of Colusa, Cal., on the Pacific coast. The mountains, where a half dozen hunters, myself among the number, encamped for the winter of 1857.

It was agreed that the man who should kill the most deer between the rising and setting of the sun on Christmas should take all I killed nine and won the prize. It was not because I was the best marksman, for there were others in the camp equally as good as myself, but it seemed that a streak of good luck lingered in my pathway during the day.

It happened in this way. I started out early in the morning, accompanied by an unnamed hunter, and at the crack of dawn named "Skip." We had scarcely gone a half mile from camp when I downed a beautiful three-pronged buck. A mile farther up the mountain I killed my second deer. We were greatly encouraged and pressed on up to the snow line where deer usually were the most plentiful, but to our surprise we failed to find any more until about noon, when having turned our course obliquely down the mountain we suddenly came to an almost perpendicular rocky bluff, and looking over into a little valley, or level spot of ground, covering not more than an acre just below, saw eight deer. Slipping quietly behind a big pine tree standing near the edge of the bluff, where I had a full view of the ground below me, I drew down upon a large six pronged buck, which I supposed to be the leader of the herd, and at the crack of my rifle he fell. Deer never knowing by run into danger if they can help it.

The wind, as well as the position I occupied, was in my favor. The echo seemed to confuse them. They did not know from what direction the danger came. So they simply ran in a short circle, stopping near the point where the first one fell. A second shot killed another and seemed to intensify the confusion. They did not know in what direction to run to get out of danger, so they repeated the short circle. Another was killed; another another, and so on, until all eight had fallen. The eighth, a splendid looking doe, stood there trembling like an aspen leaf. I really felt sorry for her, for the thought struck me that the one just killed, being only half grown, was her baby. But I was anxious to win the prize.

I had already killed nine, and deer were worth \$10 per head in the market, and who should stop under such circumstances to consider a mother's grief, when her baby could be sold for revenue? So I hung about the gun and down I dropped the doe, but I had only crossed her, and she had barely fallen when she sprang to her feet and dashed down the mountain at a frightful speed, crossing a canon. As she struggled up the rocky steep beyond she suddenly paused, and looking back across the canon, gave a last pitiful call for her baby, but it answered not, 'twas dead.

"Skip" said: "She heep cry, no shoot any more," and I didn't. She passed on out of sight only to meet her death a half hour later at the hands of another hunter, who that evening turned her over to me as one of thirty-six deer, which fell to my lot as the man, who by reason of having killed the greatest number, was entitled to all.

Today our government commissions 25,000 hunters, who, armed with poisonous bullets, are charged with the duty of destroying the mother's boy. She is confused, dazed, she knows not where to turn for safety. At last, as she sees her deer ones go down, one by one, she cries out aloud in her desperation, "come back, come back," but they answer not; they are dead. They have been sold to the devil for dollars, upon which is stamped the national lie, "In God We Trust."

Would you be strong and healthy? Use Dr. Price's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

ADJUDGED INSANE.

An Unfortunate Topeka Woman is Recommended to the Asylum.

Adelia Williams was adjudged insane in the probate court on Christmas eve. She is a woman 31 years of age. It is not a new case as she has spent at least half her time during the past ten years in the state insane asylum. Her home is west of the city within sight of the asylum.

Her insanity is of a childish, chattering sort that is harmless. Before going insane Mrs. Williams was a hard working woman, and those who know her say the case is an unusually sad one.

THE MATSON MURDER.

The Sheriff of Sumner County Knows Something About It.

Ex-Sheriff John M. Wilkerson, who is actively engaged on the Matson murder case, said today that the strings which indicate the guilt of Frank Novels are being drawn tighter.

A telegram was received from Sheriff J. Q. A. Morse of Sumner county today in which he said he would come at once to Topeka and was able to give some valuable information regarding the case. He added: "If Novels didn't kill her it was because he did not get the chance."

212 and 114 West 8th, Peerless Steam Laundry.

Institute of Arts and Languages. Elocution, Dramatic Art, F. P. Cleaves M. A., Instructor, Jackson and Eighth.

Prescott & Co. have removed to No. 118 West Eighth street.

Good work done by the Peerless.

Corbett Challenged! To prove "Snow's" (the Expectant) will not "Knock Out" any cold or cough. It is GUARANTEED. For sale by all druggists; price 25 and 50c bottle.

Topeka Steam Laundry, 925 Jackson street.

MAKE HOLIDAYS MERRY.

Three Really Good Attractions at the Theater Before New Year's.

Manager Newman, the popular manager of the Grand opera house, who is doing much to increase its business, announces three of the best entertainments that come west this season, for his house this week.

"In Old Kentucky" will be here Dec. 31; "A Jolly Good Fellow," the new comedy of high life, which Mr. Charles Dickson will present at the Grand, Dec. 25, is said to have been constructed and written with a class and gusto like a glove. This will doubtless please Mr. Dickson's many admirers, who desire to see him in a role which will permit him the display of his versatile talent. Its scenes are laid at West Point on a graduation day, at a fashionable watering resort, in London and in Washington, D. C.

Incidental to the comedy Mr. Dickson, who is the possessor of a magnificent baritone voice, will sing "St. Peter and the Fool" and "The Man, Girl and Fiddle," two new songs, music by Julian Edwards and Harry Harper, respectively. He will also interpolate "Bei nicht Bos," a German ballad, the reigning success and sung at all the principal opera houses in Germany.

The announcement of the coming of that always entertaining comedian, Stuart Robson, December 22, pleases his many admirers here.

Mr. Robson and Mr. Joseph Jefferson are now the sole active representatives of that old school of comedians, which gave the American stage such men as Warren, Hackett, Burton, Brougham, Boncland, Ray, Raymond, Southern and Florence. It was a school and a regime in which both brains and good taste were required by actor and auditor alike, and it is refreshing to have, if only once a year, a worthy representative of those regretted days, who can recall to us the best traditions of the most famous comedians since from David Garrick down to a generation, which, much as we may deplore the fact, are bound to be lost to us forever in a few short years.

It is doubtful if any other man of the time has had occasion to enact a greater number of parts than has Stuart Robson, since the day when he started as an actor in a barn at Baltimore, with his schoolmate, Edwin Booth, also an enthusiastic amateur in black face theatricals.

Mr. Booth became the world's greatest tragedian and Mr. Robson was anxious to be, but he did not. He has since years to find it out, and decide to let fate lay out the career that has been so successfully achieved in the line of standard comedy.

Indefatigable as ever in his desire to present the best humor of the old English masters, Mr. Robson has chosen his chief reliance for popular support this year, a diverting bit of farcical comedy known to the elder generation of theatergoers as "Leap Year, or Ladies' Privilege." Buckstone, the author, who was the prince of comic playwrights, was also a famous comedian, something after the style of Mr. Robson himself, and as the play was a favorite with its author, it can readily be understood that in the part of Dimple and his lady love, Miss Laura, who inspires his tender passion, which she brings to an avowal by means of the ladies' leap year privilege, Mr. Robson is fitted to the role.

FRANK DRUMMOND DEAD.

He Dies of Peritonitis at His Home This Morning at 1 o'clock.

The death of Frank Drummond, which occurred at 1 o'clock this morning, will cause a sincere grief in the midst of an otherwise merry Christmas in many Topeka homes today.

Mr. Drummond died suddenly of peritonitis. He was taken sick about ten days ago, but so nearly had he recovered from the attack that he went up town the latter part of last week. This caused a relapse, and from Sunday afternoon the hopes of his recovery were almost abandoned. At times he suffered great pain, but this disappeared several hours before his death. When Mr. Drummond was taken to a physician was sent for, but Mr. Drummond died before the doctor arrived.

Mr. Drummond has been a resident of Topeka more than twenty years, and has been prominent in business, church, musical and Masonic circles ever since. For years he was associated with George W. Reed in the Capital City Publishing company. After that he was a traveling solicitor for George W. Crane. At the time of his death he was employed in the treasurer's office of the Santa Fe.

Mr. Drummond was a man of more than usual versatility. He was a good citizen, kind husband and father, and a charming gentleman. He leaves a wife and four children. The oldest, Harry, is the Rock Island operator at Maple Mill. Will, the next oldest, is well known in Topeka. Florence and Lelia are little girls. The funeral will be held at his home, 435 Madison street, and Rev. L. Blakesley, who has been his pastor for over 20 years, will officiate, but the hour of the funeral has not been set.

NORTH TOPEKA.

Homes of Interest from the North Side of the River.

Geo. Stebbins has gone to Denver for the holidays.

D. E. Metzger of Meriden is spending Christmas in the city.

J. A. Lukens and family are spending Christmas with Mrs. Lukens' parents at Hoyt.

Christmas exercises were held at the Baptist and Methodist churches last night.

Pocket knives for Christmas at Henry's.

10 per cent off on Banquet cook and Oak heating stoves for Christmas presents.

J. H. Fouch.

Finest skates and lowest prices at Henry's.

John Rorabaugh of Kildier, Mo. is spending the holidays with his son, O. A. Rorabaugh.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wilcox are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bottsford at the Union Pacific.

Merchants report the biggest trade yesterday they ever experienced on the day preceding Christmas.

Miss Bessie Wilcox, who is attending school at Osgood Mission is spending the holidays with her parents at the Union Pacific.

W. H. Lininger, special agent of the Springfield F. & M. Insurance company, was in the city yesterday adjusting the loss which occurred at J. H. Crockett's store last week. C. D. Myers & Co. are the local agents.

A JOLLY CHRISTMAS.

The Mercury Drops Down as It Ought To.

THE WEATHER GETS "CHRISTMASSY."

Celebrations at the Various Churches and Other Places—How Christmas Eve Was Observed.

If the thermometer had not dropped about twenty degrees last night it wouldn't have seemed at all like Christmas today. As it is most of the citizens of Topeka will have realized the date prior to the delivery of tonight's JOURNAL.

All during the past week Kansas avenue has been packed and everybody on the streets had a big bundle, several small bundles and an air of mystery. It's all over now. Empty is the stocking, Christmas's gone. The mysterious bundles have exchanged owners, and now's the time for the big exchange of recollections and a little of the candy in the bottom of the box, the kind you didn't like. Kansas avenue has been beautiful to behold in the last few days.

The merchants of Topeka understand how to "cause effects" in their show windows. In fact the windows were so enticing that many women forgot the street was crowded and one had a collision when she was trying to watch a jewelry store merry-go-round.

There is at least one philosopher in Topeka, and his philosophy is on the subject of dinner, largely. He remembers how he over-ate on Thanksgiving Day—that was only a month ago. Today he ate cold roast beef with brown gravy, mashed potatoes, toast and coffee, with pie for dessert. He expects to feel like a fighting-cock in the morning.

There was a time when it used to be on Christmas to arouse the whole house by cries of "Merry Christmas!" When one gets elderly he wants to sleep late and feels disposed to throw something at the young scamp who does the same thing.

Christmas was generally observed by the Sunday school children of Topeka last night. At the First Presbyterian church this programme was carried out to the great delight of about 800 good boys and girls:

Song, "Joy to the World"; Lord's Prayer; Greeting, Howard Combs; Double Quartette, recitation, "Little Rockers' Christmas"; Song, "Primary Department"; Wheel Song; A Visit from St. Nicholas, and a hymn, "Exercises; Distribution of candy, bricks, and a recitation by Henrietta Alexander.

At the First Methodist church they had a stereoscopic exhibition by Mrs. Richard Baker, interspersed with songs and recitations. They gave away the best candy the ladies could buy and 600 pounds of the best local confectioner could make.

The children of the First Congregational church had no end of fun posing as "fairies and brownies." They had a May-pole dance and plenty of music and good things to eat.

At Grace cathedral (Episcopal) the services were more elaborate. The music consisted of Christmas carols by the vestrial choir. Dean Millsbaugh talked to the children regarding the significance of the day. Rev. G. A. Miner read the scripture lesson. After the services the children enjoyed an immense Christmas tree. The Episcopalians also held a midnight service, and services today.

At the First Baptist an enjoyable entertainment was prepared, consisting of songs, recitations, tableaux, etc. Santa Claus was there.

There were two small Christmas trees at the Westminster Presbyterian church last night.

At the Central Congregational church the Christmas entertainment was in the form of a cantata. Christmas trees were there and music was furnished by a double quartette.

The Sunday school children of Potwin will have their exercises tonight. This is their program:

Song, "Christmas Morn"; prayer, Mr. Ogilvie; scripture reading; song, "Glory to God in the Highest"; Miss Sheek's class recitation, "What will Pa Say"; Floyd Brockett; recitation, Miss Bailey's class; books of Old Testament, Miss Davis' class; song by school, "Ye Nations Hear Him"; recitation, Donald Bruner; recitation, "The Flight of Winter"; Carrie Hoyt; "Carol Around the Christmas Tree"; the children enjoyed an immense Christmas tree. The Episcopalians also held a midnight service, and services today.

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KANSAS COAL MINES.

How the Mines are Operated at the State Penitentiary.

Some interesting details are given by Warden Chase of the operation of the state coal mines in connection with the penitentiary at Lansing, Leavenworth county. The institution was located there in 1865 on account of the proximity to extensive stone quarries which it was thought would afford employment to the prisoners. In 1870 coal was found in sufficient quantity to constitute an important interest, and during the past twenty-five years the mine has been mined to the amount of 17,783,002 bushels.

The original Penitentiary tract comprised forty acres, but upon the discovery of coal the state bought adjoining tracts amounting to 925 acres, and leased an additional 840 acres, giving a frontage on the Missouri river of three-fourths of a mile by one and one-half miles east and west, including a half-mile under the river bed. The stratum of coal is twenty-three inches thick and 715 feet from the surface. The state has mined under the whole of the original forty acres and about one half of the first 140 acres of leased land. For the leased ground a royalty of two mills per bushel is paid, amounting to \$140 per acre.

It is estimated that there is enough left under the ground and controlled by the state to last for fifty years at the present rate of working. About 350 men are employed under ground during the year, the product of their labor being 8,000 bushels daily—more than sufficient to supply all the state institutions. The surplus above that used by the state is sold to contractors at 3 to 5 cents per bushel, equivalent to \$30,000 a year. The quantity used at the several state institutions at the same price, amounts to \$30,000 a year, making the total annual value of the output \$60,000.

The coal, which is of excellent quality, rests on a bed of fireclay, above which is a roof of slate and on top of that is solid rock. The plan of operation is by a system of alleys, 100 feet apart, with cross alleys every 50 feet. During the entire time of operation not a single serious accident has happened in the drifts. As the men receive no pay for their labor the greatest care is exercised and the mine is regarded as one of the safest in the United States.

The vein of coal has been traced a distance of nearly two miles from the home mine, and it is thought the same vein has been traced in different directions at Tonganoxie. In fact, it is the opinion of engineers that the whole triangle comprising the county of Leavenworth is underlaid with coal, and that the supply is practically inexhaustible.

Brighter than diamonds—The growing fame of Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

SNAP SHOTS AT HOME NEWS.

In these days of cloudy weather when the frost is on the grass.

I've a letter in my suitcase—in my pocket there's a pass.

With my pistol in my mit, I don't propose to pay for their labor the greatest care is exercised and the mine is regarded as one of the safest in the United States.

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SCROFULA

Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: "I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, which tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking six bottles of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all."

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NOTES OF TOPEKA & VICINITY.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Burghart are spending Christmas in Salina.

Clad Hamilton is spending Christmas with his parents in Howard.

Supt. J. E. Klock of Leavenworth, is visiting Supt. and Mrs. W. M. Davidson.

Mrs. F. A. Bremberg of Severy, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Samuelson.

Misses Louts and Ethel Drew are spending Christmas with relatives in Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McKeever are spending Christmas with Mr. McKeever's parents in Holton.

Mrs. and Dr. J. B. Hibben are eating Christmas turkey with Mrs. Hibben's relatives in Emporia.

Miss Ruth Welch of Wa Keeney is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Welch, at 709 Topeka avenue.

George W. Jones of Mound City, formerly assistant state superintendent, is spending Christmas in Topeka.

Dr. Frank Swallow of Valley Falls, a former member of the state board of health, was in Topeka last night.

Mrs. W. H. Ruff has gone to Lawrence to spend Christmas. Mr. Ruff will leave today for Chanute to spend a month.

Miss Bessie Wilcox has returned from Osgood Mission where she is attending school, to spend the holidays with her parents.

John Drew, who is 95 years old and the oldest man in Topeka, is still spry enough to go to Burlington to spend Christmas.

H. E. Metaker, of Tahlequah, L. T., who was once a compositor on Topeka papers, is spending Christmas with his sister, Violet E. Metaker.

F. J. Vanderburg of Leavenworth, the man who was not allowed to plead guilty to using the mails to defraud by Judge Foster, yesterday, gave bail and was released from the county jail.

Dr. D. E. Rodgers, who has been visiting in Topeka several days was yesterday called back to Los Angeles, New Mexico, by a telegram announcing the serious illness of Dr. Donaldson.

L. G. Hastings, secretary and treasurer of the Chicago, Rock Island and Texas, and C. B. Slat, assistant general passenger and ticket agent of the same road, stationed at Ft. Worth, are spending Christmas in Topeka.

W. M. Davidson, general agent of the "Plant system," stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, sent a box of the finest oranges to each of the local passenger agents of the three lines in Topeka for Christmas. Those who are feasting on the oranges today are: H. E. Overholt of the Rock Island, A. M. Palmer of the Union Pacific, and J. E. Rowley of the Santa Fe.

Charlie McNew, a boy eleven years old, who lives near Burlington, was the victim of a terrible accident on Saturday evening. He was attempting to pound a loaded brass shell into a cheap Zulu shot gun when the shell exploded, putting out both his eyes and horribly burning and lacerating the boy's face. A piece of the shell struck the boy's cheek, cutting a gash several inches long. He was brought to Topeka last evening, and Dr. Magee is attempting to save one of his eyes if possible.

AT SHERIFF'S SALE.

The Veale Block Goes at \$25,000—The Thurston Place Lots Go.

The handsome Veale block on Quincy street, between Sixth and Seventh, was sold yesterday at sheriff's sale for \$25,000. It was bought by the plaintiff in the suit against the property, the Mutual Benefit Insurance company of Newark, New Jersey, in the name of its officers, Godard & Valentine. There is a first mortgage against the block for \$25,000 and a second mortgage of \$15,000. A mortgagee's lien of considerable size had recently been paid. Col. Veale proposes to contest the sale. Last Saturday he applied to Judge Hazen for an order to restrain the sheriff from selling the property, but the writ was denied.

Another large sale made by the sheriff was that of the much contested Thurston Place lots. The tract west of Mr. J. W. Thurston's residence on College Hill. Forty-six of these lots were sold to the Southwestern Realty company for \$100 a lot. The debt against the property is about \$20,000.